

Range and Market News

Items of Interest Pertaining to the Livestock Industry of Arizona, Market Letter for the Past Week.

Cattle Saved From Blackleg.
Dr. R. H. Williams, animal husbandman, of the University of Arizona, in an interview gives the following statement concerning the prevalence and control of blackleg in Arizona:

"Blackleg is widely spread over Arizona, and causes the loss of thousands of cattle annually. These losses may be absolutely prevented by vaccinating all cattle under 2 years of age. With gentle animals the vaccine, which may be secured free from the state veterinarian, Phoenix, or the Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington, D. C., can be used to advantage. Commercial companies prepare this same vaccine and sell it as pellets at 9c to 10c per dose. The pellet vaccine is more easily prepared and administered than the free, but either of these vaccines should prove satisfactory if applied every six months until the animals are 18 months old.

"Range cattle are usually wild and handled with difficulty, so that it is considered more feasible to use a single treatment for vaccinating them.

"There are several companies preparing a special germ-free vaccine which renders the animals permanently immune. Treatment with this kind of vaccine costs from 35c to 50c a dose, but calves may be treated when they are as young as 3 months, and this renders them permanently immune the rest of their lives. Another advantage of this serum is that it gives the animals immediate protection from the time of application, and some claim that the serum may have curative value if given in the early stages of the disease.

"It is anticipated that most of the range stockmen will use this new serum. The losses caused by blackleg in Arizona are only second to that of starvation. There are possibly 30,000 head of young stock that die annually in Arizona from this disease alone, and the loss amounts to fully a million dollars a year. There is absolutely no need of sustaining this loss if stockmen will vaccinate their animals.

"Another important consideration in overcoming the blackleg is that of burning all the carcasses of animals that die of this disease. If carcasses are burnt the germs which cause the disease will be destroyed, and no doubt in time the germs will be exterminated. Stockmen should co-operate in an effort to eradicate this most troublesome complaint from Arizona ranges."

The semi-annual convention of the Cochise-Graham Cattle Growers' Association was held in Safford Friday and Saturday, September 20 and 21, and was one of the best meetings in the history of the association. A large number of cattlemen, with their families, from all parts of southern Arizona were present. After a business session Friday morning the visitors were treated to a program of sports in the afternoon.

Saturday morning's session was taken up principally by the reading and adoption of several resolutions pertaining to the leasing privileges on state lands; decrease of 25 per cent in freight rates on cattle from Arizona to grazing lands outside of state; calling on the government to carry out the Arizona Eastern Railroad's prior agreement to fence its right of way in Graham and Gila counties, and exemption of cowboys in draft.

The next convention will be held in Willcox next March.

Again Breaks Record.

The cattle fever tick is entitled to think that the world's energies have not been concentrated on the western battle front. The tick is having a rather busy time, for July, like June, set a new record in the eradication work of the Bureau of Animal Industry. In July the number of cattle dipped for ticks totaled 6,880,232—more than were ever dipped in any single month since the work began in 1906.

Cattlemen of southeastern Arizona began this week shipping their livestock to other parts of the country because of poor range conditions due to the long continued drought. Although a few rains fell during the early part of August, the range is drying up so rapidly that it is certain that there will be no feed for the winter. Most of the cattle shipped thus far have gone to Kansas City for feeding. Frank B. Moson of Hereford, Ariz., says that practically all cattle in Cochise county will have to be shipped out during the fall or their owners will face total loss. The stockmen are in a quandary, however, as drought conditions in other parts of the country are such that range usually turned to at such times is not available.

Stockmen Urge Exemption for Men.

Over 100 members are attending the Phoenix meeting of the Arizona Cattlemen's Association. Strong appeal was made that there be at least partial exemption of range riders, for the ranches have been stripped of men who know their work.

It was pointed out that cowboys can hardly be replaced by strangers. President Mullen, who has two sons

in the service and who has been compelled to get back in the saddle himself, asked that the association members seek exemption for their men only when absolutely essential and then stand back of the men who remain and protect them from criticism.

FARM AND STOCK DOINGS FOR AUGUST

Delore Nichols, county agricultural agent of Coconino county, makes the following monthly report for August, 1918:

Livestock.

Livestock meeting conducted in co-operation with the specialists sent out by the State Extension Service took most of the agents' time during the week ending August 17th. Well attended meetings were held at Williams and Flagstaff. Twenty-two out of twenty-five stockmen at Williams attended this meeting.

Crops.

Orchard demonstration work was conducted in Oak Creek. The demonstrations consisted of pruning and thinning fruit. This work was done in co-operation with Dr. Oscar C. Barlett.

Potato beetle demonstrations were conducted at Williams.

Smut control results were inspected which showed that the work was effective while neighboring fields were considerably infested.

Early potato blight inspected where as many as 25 per cent of vines are infected and dead. Farmers were considering this frost injury until the inspection was made. This is the first injury from this cause. The long rainy summer has probably favored this disease development.

Hill selection of seed potatoes has been urged through circular letters sent out to growers. This seed to be planted in seed plots next year.

Certified seed potatoes are being located and reported for seed purposes.

Cattle grazing plans were discussed with a cattleman who has secured a permit to fence a section of grazing land from the forestry service. Plans have been worked out to supply feed during the winter to supplement this summer pasture. Water supply and best crops were worked out carefully, as this is the first attempt of this kind here. Pure bred cattle are proposed after the first year's experience.

Farm and Home.

Labor and marketing meeting of the Coconino County Farm Bureau was held at the county seat, the largest meeting since the county agent took up his work. Plans were arranged for the distribution of 100 Indians with farmers who need them on October 1st, when potato harvest will begin. Such details as purchase of sacks were also handled at this meeting. The marketing of potatoes will be handled through a marketing committee of the Farm Bureau and the chairman was delegated to represent them in a trip to the southern part of Arizona to dispose of their surplus at competing prices in this territory. The question of quality and grade will be passed upon in order to assure standard of product so sold.

Coconino County Farm Bureau Holds Labor and Marketing Meeting.

The largest gatherings of farmers which have ever been assembled in Coconino county recently met in both Williams and Flagstaff to consider labor and marketing questions.

The increasing acreage of potatoes in the county has made it necessary for the growers to co-operate in the harvesting and marketing of the surplus.

The County Farm Bureau marketing committee has been active for sometime and with the experience of last year's work are in a position to give valuable service. Co-operative plans have been entered into for handling each feature of the marketing problem. Sacks are being secured, graders are being installed so that the products sold through the farm bureau will be fully inspected and only a standard quality will be disposed of. The chairman of the marketing committee has been authorized to act as official salesman in southern Arizona, where he will travel and make sales for the association. The prices will be governed by the prevailing prices in the territory where sales are proposed.

A labor committee has also been selected and at the same meetings it was arranged to bring in 100 Indians to be distributed among potato growers on October 1st, to help handle the potato crop.

STOCKMEN HARD HIT IN EASTERN COUNTIES

E. A. Sawyer, who has been prominent in the wool growers' world for many years in northern Arizona, was in Flagstaff Wednesday from Winslow. "Ranges in our section of the country are dry, but we are coming through in fairly good shape. The northern sections of both Navajo and Apache counties have been hit hard by the drought this year and many of the cattlemen have been shipping on the market in poor condition, but it was made necessary by lack of feed and water," said Mr. Sawyer. Mr. Sawyer recently sold 3,000 head of fat lambs, which were sent to the Los Angeles market, and expects to ship the rest to Kansas City. His lambs averaged 73 pounds, which would indicate that range south of Winslow was not altogether bad.

Dig in! Buy bonds. Carry on! Buy more Liberty Bonds.

Bonds buy bayonets.

GRACE WILLIAMSON WRITES FROM FRANCE

AMERICAN RED CROSS
(Croix Rouge Americaine)

August 22, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Stein, Lola Mae and Miss Kinsey:

It will be two months tomorrow since I left Flagstaff, and am sure there has not been a day when I have not thought of some of you, and wanted to write; but it has been so hard to settle down to anything, and the time has slipped away without my doing anything, it seems to me.

We reached Paris August 2, and it was certainly a relief to quit traveling. Had a very interesting and thrilling trip over, and would like to write you all about it, but don't believe I can. Will have to wait until I return to Flagstaff, when I will tell you about it. Paris is so very lovely, and I think I am going to enjoy a year here, but after that I'm going to take the first boat home. The flower gardens are lovely here, and I have thought so often of how I'd love to send you some of the begonias. There is one large bed that I used to pass on my way up Champs Elysees every morning to work, and I'd go a few minutes early so I could see them, all wet with dew and sparkling in the sun. They were all shades of pink, red, yellow and light brown; large ones, the size of poppies. The other evening four of us went over to the Tuileries gardens, where the Louvre is situated, and I thought I'd almost burst with joy over the wonderful things there—the gorgeous flowers and statuary. The Louvre is not open now, and I understand most of its treasures have been removed to places of safety.

We had an air raid today, the second since I have been here. We heard the guns and saw all the people in the streets, so went up to the fourth floor of the house we are in; we saw the plane way in the distance and the barrage sent up by the French guns. It was some distance from this part of the city, and looked like a big white bird from where we were. The first raid was last week at about 12 o'clock at night. We were all disturbed by the "alarm," as it is called; I groped about in the dark, found my shoes and coat and went out on the porch, where a number of other women were. The cellar we are supposed to go in in case of a raid is across the street, but as there seemed no danger in that vicinity, most of us stayed on the porch until the "all clear" call was sounded down the streets. It certainly unfits one for very much work the next day. It is going to be a clear night and I just bet the things come again.

Have not heard from my sister since I have been over here, except indirectly through a friend of ours from New Orleans. She had a letter from sister from —, where she was in a hospital ill with mumps. She was on her way up right near the front lines, so this friend told me, when she was taken ill, and the rest of the contingent left her. Have written, but so far have had no word from her, but reckon she is too busy.

I am now with the Bureau of Refugees. Besides a great deal of other work, it has charge of the canteens in Paris, where the soldiers are fed and the wounded cared for when they arrive. Of course they take care of the refugees, feed, bathe and clothe them, etc., when a town is evacuated. In times of great crowds coming in when the regular canteen workers cannot care for them, they call on different girls in the offices who register there, and they go and work all night sometimes. Don't believe that will happen again now, as I believe the Hun is on the run for good.

Am staying at a very nice, comfortable place, where they give us splendid meals. Of course, there are lots of things we don't have, but we have fresh vegetables, and fruits, butter once a day, if one wants it. They also have so much nice cheese, all kinds, some almost as bad as limburger. Have never learned to eat the latter as I haven't lost my sense of smell yet. For the last few days have been getting my lunch here where I work. The offices are in a large residence, and on the fourth floor there is a kitchen and gas stove, where we can prepare lunch. The U. S. commissary is just a block away, so I go there and stand in line and get a loaf of bread and a can of "honest-to-goodness" jam made in the U. S. A. and come back and have a nice lunch. Yesterday I treated myself to an egg, which I bought at a corner grocery for 10 cents. The Pension Galilee, where I am staying, is a hotel run by the Red Cross (the Y. M. C. A. also has one, the Petrograd)—principally for its nurses, but there is room for a few others and I happened to be fortunate enough to get a room there. Some of the girls have taken rooms in French families or French Pensions, as they call them, but for this winter at least decided I would try to get in a place that would be as comfortable as possible, and try to take French lessons. Of course, their object is to learn French by associating with the French people, but I'd rather have a little comfort and heat this winter than to become a proficient French student. It is quite amusing to see the Americans and French people trying to talk. I prepared a few sentences such as "Can you direct me to —?" "Will this car take me to —?" etc., but I hadn't prepared for the answer, you see, and when a policeman or a ticket man rattled off a long string of French I was as much at sea as before.

There will be a new language after the war which will consist principally of nouns. We stop a French person and say, "Rue Galilee?" or whatever street we are looking for, and finally he understands you want to go there and says "yes" or "no" as

the case may be. Of course, we "get" the yes or no and that is sufficient. Have the Camp C. men left yet? I hope to see them if they ever come here.

The big guns were very active the first week I was here, and I certainly got tired hearing them. The explosions were dreadfully close to where I was staying then, and the other evening I saw where one had exploded on the sidewalk and had taken a piece out as big as a barrel top; they go right through two or three stories if they happen to hit the house top. For several days they went off about twenty minutes apart, and we could time them almost to the minute. A lot of French planes go over almost every day, and I never miss a chance to look at them; some mornings I hear one as early as six o'clock and I get up and watch for it until I have a pain in my neck. They are wonderfully fascinating, and give one such a feeling of protection, hovering up there in the air watching for the Boche.

Well, I must close, and hope to have a letter from you soon.

Give my regards to Mr. Stein and Mr. Kinsey, and keep a lot of love for yourselves.

Sincerely,
GRACE WILLIAMSON.

My address is: Pension Galilee, 4 rue Galilee, Paris.

P. S.—It was very warm here today, the first time I have really felt the heat, as the weather has been surprisingly cool. We wear our uniforms all the time on the street, and they are the hottest things I have ever worn.

ORINN C. COMPTON.

France, August 31, 1918.

Dearest Mother:
Just another line to let you know that your little son is "tres bien" and getting along fine. I haven't written you for quite a while, but I have written the others—so you haven't suffered for news lately.

I sure was sorry to hear about Wallace. I tell you it is hard to know just what is going to happen. I think after all that a fellow is just as safe over here as he is over there—this life is only a chance and a person is just as safe one place as he is another. There sure has been some awful changes since I left Flag. Gee, all the fellows getting married and everything. I guess I'll have to get acquainted anew when I get back, or I'll be left out altogether.

You asked if there was anything that you could send. About the only thing that I'd like to have is a good magazine once a week. Tell Dad that it will be his military duty to send me a good magazine every week. I like the "Red Book"—I think that is a monthly, but he can slip some others in the other weeks. We hardly get any magazines, and believe me, they come in handy. I've been getting the papers regular—and I sure enjoy them. Keep the "Sun" coming, as I like it fine.

There isn't any news. All of us are well and getting along fine. It is beginning to get a little chilly now, and it won't be quite so pleasant before long. It sure was cold last winter, and I suppose it will be this. I have plenty of clothes, so I don't think that it'll worry me much. Dolph and Bill send their best regards. Give all my love, and lots of love and kisses to you. I am,

Your loving son,

ORINN.

P. S.—I have heard from Will a couple times and have written him also.

Pvt. Orinn C. Compton, 3rd Anti-aircraft Battery, Amer. E. F., via New York City.

JIM GREGG.

U. S. S. Quinebang,
European Waters,
September 1, 1918.

Dear Sis and Two Joes:
Well, as I am in port today I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still on top and in the best of health.

Just received your two letters that you mailed along about the 4th of August. Did not get the two Suns, though I guess I will get them the next time we get mail.

Is Mama still in New Mexico? Was surprised to hear about her having heart trouble. Hope she is better by now. I mailed her a letter about a week ago.

Had a chance to look for Orinn and Dolph, but as I have lost their address, I couldn't find them. Have not seen any of the boys from home yet.

I know the fellow that married the Dryden girl. Was shipmates with him on the Alabama. He sure is a fine fellow. His home is in Oatman. He came from San Diego with me to the east coast.

Well, as it is about supper time, I will have to close. Have all kinds of news to tell you when I get back home.

Love to all,
JIM GREGG.

MECH. WILLIAM J. WILSON.

August 30, 1918.

Dear Father:
Haven't heard from you for some time, so thought I would write.

Have a letter from Bessie today and she says Flag is grand. I wish I was there.

I would take life a little easy if I were you and do no Sunday work, as that is too hard on a person, I think. The mail seems to be hung up some place or other and I suppose when we get our mail it will be all in a bunch. I haven't heard from Walter for two months, but suppose he is in the army by now. I don't know of a thing to write.

Compton and Treat and myself are well.

I hope this note finds you well and give everybody my best regards.

Your loving son,
MECH. WILLIAM J. WILSON.

3rd Anti-Aircraft Battery, A. E. F., France.

O. K.—F. T. Thomas, 2nd Lieut. C. A. C.

HE WAS WHERE "HELL WAS POPPING FOR A FEW DAYS"

Congress Junction, Ariz.,
September 20, 1918.

Editor of the Coconino Sun,

Dear Sir: I have read the letters (from France) you have published with great interest. They are all cheerful and embracing. I am sending you a copy of a letter received from Clarence L. Ford, somewhere in France. It was sent to Layfe D. Brown at Ash Fork, Ariz., who is now in the U. S. navy.

C. L. Ford worked for Howard Sheep Company for three years. He enlisted during the early period of our war.

Yours very truly,
ELZA BROWN.

Dear Layfe:
Just a few lines to let you know I am still on the map. We went over the top and I got a kiss from Fritz. So I was laid up for a few days. I am O-K now and on my way back. Hell was popping for a few days. One day we went over the top in broad daylight and crossed a big open country. They were firing on us point-blank with six, eight and ten-inch guns. Talk about scared, I thought St. Peter was calling, sure. Well a fellow can be scared and mad, too, so that makes him want to go on. We went into machine gun fire, etc., and got big battery, machine guns all.

There were so many Dutch piled up it reminded me of a band of dead sheep. They were scattered for miles.

This is the second battle I have been in and not badly hurt, so some day I may see Berlin. It's a hell of a way, though. If my hair doesn't turn gray from dodging shells I think I will die from old age—ha! ha!

CLARENCE L. FORD,
Somewhere in France.

Witness:
Baron von Limberger.
Von Hamburger Sandwiches.

Buy Liberty Bonds and KEEP them.

COMES A LONG WAY TO FIGHT FOR U. S.

John Proctor, who has been in the show business and pretty much scattered over the country for the past few years, came in from Casper, Wyoming, last week and reported to the local board for duty with Uncle Sam.

He had been trying to get his papers straightened out for some time, but impatient of the delay, headed for Flagstaff, and when he arrived here he was placed with a young Mexican boy who had just arrived from California, and started him off for Camp Cody Friday night. He was rather afraid the boys over there would get the Hun cleaned up before he got there.

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with the instructions that they go into the junk business, at which they will probably make good.

Eleventh—To Poland—poor, foolish Poland—that I have everlastingly deceived, betrayed and robbed. I give, devise and bequeath my best wishes, resplendent with broken promises.

Twelfth—To the zoological department of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C. (with consent of the allies), I give, devise and bequeath the greatest nut of the ages—my pinheaded son, the crown prince, with instructions to preserve him as the principal monstrosity of our time.

Thirteenth—The gates of heaven I give to Von Hind